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PRAIRIE FLYER

THE MAGAZINE OF R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

No. 32 S. F. T. S. Sask., Canada

PUBLISHED BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.

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CPL. T. B. JONES
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EDITOR—LAC. E. C. G. COLLINS

VOL. 1 MARCH, 1942 No. 7

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Editorial

IT is with regret we have to announce that, commencing with this issue, we shall no longer be able to place the "Prairie Flyer" on sale to the general public. By order of higher authority, R.A.F. station magazines throughout the Dominion may not be made available to the public by means of purchase. This, we know, is going to disappoint our many regular readers outside the station, many of whom have written expressing appreciation of our efforts.

From the foregoing some people may get the impression that they are precluded from obtaining R.A.F. magazines because these publications come within what may be termed a "secret" category—this is not so. Provided they can prevail upon a member of this station's personnel to let them have his copy of the "Prairie Flyer" when he is finished with it, there is no reason why they should not continue to scan its pages and derive entertainment, or otherwise, from its contents.

We cannot determine, at this early stage, what effect the order will have on the future of the magazine, but it will be our constant endeavour not only to maintain its size and standard, but, in spite of the setback, to improve it as time goes on. But, now, more than ever before we need the support of every individual on the camp. Remember, it is *your* magazine.

* * * *

To those of our regular readers outside the camp into whose hands the present issue may chance to fall, we desire to express, for the last time, our gratitude. Your support and encouragement, the many nice letters you have written, and all the other evidences of your interest have always been appreciated. Thank you.

E. C.

Words of Wisdom

"Nazism is but a passing phase. Like all systems built upon force it cannot endure--in the long roll of history it will count but as a spasm of acute pain."

—*Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden.*

Flowers *are always appreciated*

We Have Them For All Occasions

WEDDING BOUQUETS — POT PLANTS
CUT FLOWERS—FUNERAL WREATHS AND SPRAYS

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The Padre's Page

LIFE . . . . yes, that's something we cannot avoid. Many people make a very poor show of it; many seem to have few, if any, opportunities to make much of it; to many it seems more like existing than really living; but so long as we are in this world, we are faced with life, and so, with the problem of how to live it. Not just to muddle through without getting into too many scrapes, but how to put our best into it for the welfare of others, so that we pay our rent for the room we occupy on earth, and try to leave the world a better place than it was when we came into it.

As someone has said, "To live is to meet life eager and unafraid, to refuse none of its challenges, to evade none of its responsibilities, to go forth daily with a gay and adventurous heart to encounter its risks, to overcome its difficulties and to seize its opportunities with both hands." In other words, we are to live life courageously and wisely. There is a lot of truth in the statement that "what makes man a Christian is neither his intellectual acceptance of certain ideas, nor his conformity to a certain rule, but his possession of a certain Spirit and his participation in a certain Life." It is only when this is so that we naturally, almost without thinking, do the right thing at the right time. "A man's career and the total worth of the work of his life are determined far less by the plans which he consciously makes than by his almost unheeded response to the apparently trivial experience of daily life. On an ordinary day, in the most familiar circumstances, at a wholly unexpected moment, he may find himself face to face with one of the real turning points of his life. Happy is he if in that hour the voice which calls him to higher destinies and to his appointed task does not fall on deaf or unheeding ears."

If we are trying to follow Christ, we shall be ready for this voice and respond. Following Christ is easy to understand, but much more difficult to carry out. "The aim of the Christian life is simple. It is to reflect each day and in every way the mind of God, and to reveal to men His goodness, His truth and His love." In this living of the Christian life we are not going to get unduly worried or anxious. "Discouragement, fretfulness, the sense of being overburdened are a contradiction of the essential nature of the Christian life. Its distinguishing mark is a joyous confidence in the readiness and power of God to supply all the needs of His children. To meet the unexpected and disconcerting demands of each day in the assured confidence and truth which Jesus inculcated is not easy. But the question is whether He is right with His calm and confident 'Be not anxious' or we with our debilitating fears."

This is just where the season of Lent comes to our aid, commencing with Ash Wednesday on February 18th and going on to Easter Day on April 5th. The forty days of Lent, as a simple mathematical calculation will show, do not include the Sundays. But I am sure we should include them in anything we make up our minds to do during this period. To give up something during Lent may be a good discipline, but of little use if it does not lead to something positive. What we really need to do is to resolve that this Lent is going to bring us nearer to the living of the Christian life about which these notes have been written. The world needs people who are trying to work out Christian principles in their own lives and in society; only thus can we hope to get a proper basis for a lasting peace, and a spirit of goodwill among nations. It's no use leaving it to others—we must start with ourselves.

DONALD A. FOSTER.

Awards to Former Pupils

Up to 23rd December, 1941, the *London Gazette* has announced 151 awards in the present war to pupils trained at this school since it was formed in England in 1936.

These awards comprise:

1 Victoria Cross.
5 D.S.O's.
97 D.F.C's.
7 Bars to D.F.C.
7 A.F.C's.
1 Military Medal.
29 D.F.M's.
1 A.F.M.
1 Empire Gallantry Medal.
1 M.B.E.
1 Polish "Virtuti Militari".

"To those who press forward to the new,
Remember,--from the ancient hills
You first glimpsed the distant view."
NEW ERA

Old Country Mail

AUTUMN IN LAKELAND

We had an afternoon off on Saturday, so J—— took L—— and I to Keswick—we have only been once before this year.

We went on almost to Seatoller and none of us will ever forget the blaze of glory that unfolded mile after mile. Every beech, oak and birch tree was ablaze—many standing like fairy trees of red-gold, indescribably lovely. And the bracken on the hill-sides had not yet lost its beauty—little of it was the dreary dun colour usually associated with November.

Derwentwater was a dream lake—perfectly placid and reflecting hills and sky. We rarely get so perfect a day, even in summer. If we are prevented from seeing it again for years, the gorgeous picture will remain.

Our day of glory has been followed by two days of almost Arctic cold, torrential rain and wild winds—just the good old English climate.

For 1942 You cannot do better than continue playing your Billiards and Snooker at the

Connaught Billiard Hall

OR

If You Don't Know the Place
LOOK FOR THE SIGN—CORNER MAIN AND HIGH STS.

ALL AIRMEN ALWAYS WELCOME

M's Menagerie

THE PIG

The pig, whom we know well as pork,
Is very tasty off a fork;
Yet if I came too near his sty,
You would but see me passing by.
The pig himself is very rude,
And noted for ingratitude;
Yet I suppose that he supposes
I should prefer his scent to roses.
Well, though I may consent to eat him,
I will not go, if asked to meet him.
This may to him seem most unfair,
But one must draw the line somewhere.

THE BEE

Take my advice and humble be
When dealing with a bumble-bee.
If you should try to tread upon it,
It may, sir, fly into your bonnet!

THE SHARK

There is a reason why the shark
Has never yet been heard to bark.
Your self-esteem and mine would sink
If you and I were sharks—but think;
If you were he, you would not wish
To be mistaken for a dog-fish.

THE UNICORN

The trouble with the unicorn
Is that he has not yet been born.
And you'll admit, it must be queer
For him to think he isn't here.

THE PHOENIX

The phoenix is another fable;
Now this confused my cousin Mabel,
And when she went to Araby
She saw a bird upon a tree.
The silly girl then struck a match
And set light to the poor bird's thatch!
For this a pound she had to pay
The Arab R.S.P.C.A.

THE SNAIL

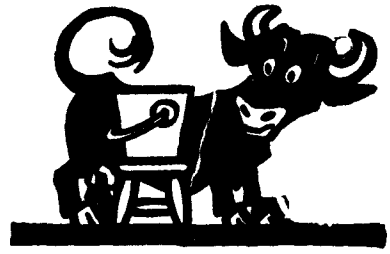
You may have wondered why the snail
Should wear a dome upon its tail.
I must confess I've wondered too;
And I would tell you, if I knew.
Alas, my ignorance! Oh dearie!
I never should have raised the query.

THE PARROT

Though parrots can be taught to swear,
They show no aptitude for prayer.
From this one gathers that their soul
Is blacker than the famed Black Hole.
So thought, at least, the Reverend Binns,
Who tried to save one from his sins;
But saw that it was vain to beg
When he sat down and layed an egg.

THE DRAGON

Considered as a household pet,
The dragon is a losing bet.
His nature is extremely vicious;
His aspect sadly unpropitious;
I do not deem it telling tales
To say he doesn't cut his nails.
Even a dragon could not give
Reasons why he deserves to live.



THE COW

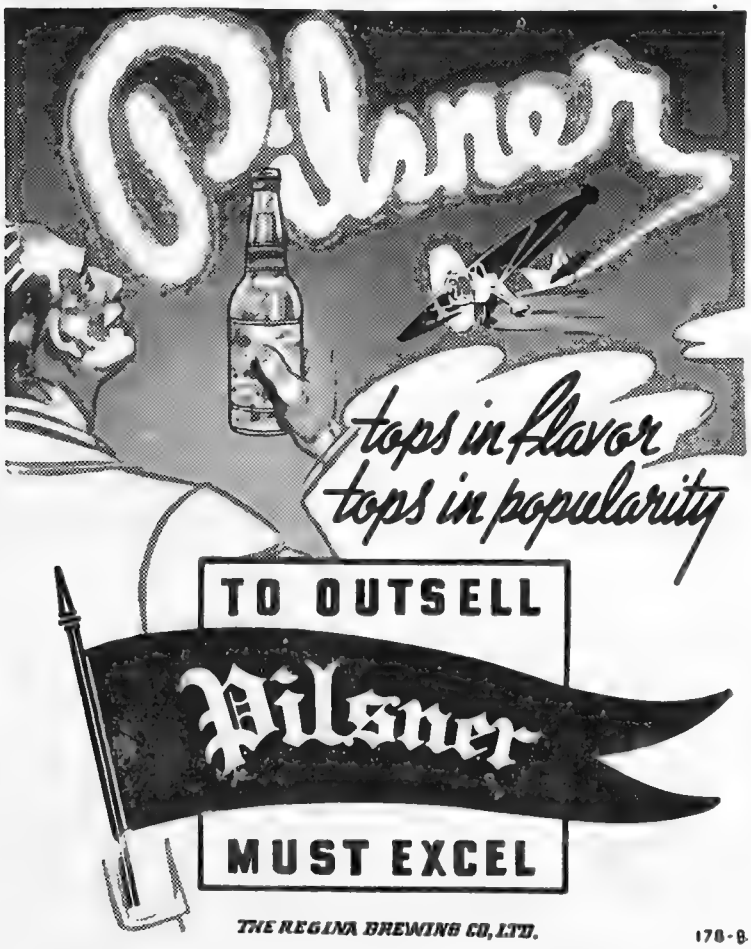
If I, my love, called you a cow
You would forswear our holy vow.
Yet have you thought that if you called
The cow a lady, *she'd* be galled?
Give praise, then, to this gentle beast,
Who is of beauties not the least,
Rememb'ring she's the only Frau
Who cares not if you call her "Cow!"

THE DOVE

The only reason for the dove
Is that her name rhymes with "love".
But for this sequel to the Fall,
The dove would not be here at all.

THE EAGLE

The eagle flies around a rock,
While drinking quantities of hock.
The object of this silly prank
Is merely showing off, or swank;
While Mrs. Eagle, in their nest,
Drinks ginger ale as second best,
And hopes, poor bird, her husband's capers
Won't be reported in the papers.
I'd take him down a peg or two
By smothering his wings with glue.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tops in flavor
tops in popularity
TO OUTSELL
Pilsner
MUST EXCEL
THE REGINA BREWING CO, LTD.
178-B

BITS and PIECES

DEFINITIONS — Darling: A form of address used when addressing a person of the opposite sex to whom you have just been introduced, but whose name you didn't quite catch.

Sofa: A place where actions squeak louder than words.

-◆-

"Join the Navy and See the World," blares a poster. To which some wit had added: "Join the Air Force—and scrub it!"

-◆-

The story is told of a young lady who, while walking in River Park, was startled by a frog calling to her: "Oh, miss, Oh, miss!"

When she got over the shock, she asked the frog how it was that he could speak.

"I'm not a frog," was the answer. "I'm really a handsome young man. But a witch placed a spell on me and made me into a frog. There's only one way to break the spell—to hold me tight, take me to your room, and then, in the morning, you'll discover that I am no longer a frog, but a handsome young man."

The young lady agreed, and it all came to pass. The only sad note about this story is that the next morning her mother wouldn't—and still doesn't—believe it!

-◆-

THIS MONTH'S HOWLERS.

Phlebitis is an affliction often suffered by people who work in menageries.

Vacuum is an empty space the Pope lives in.

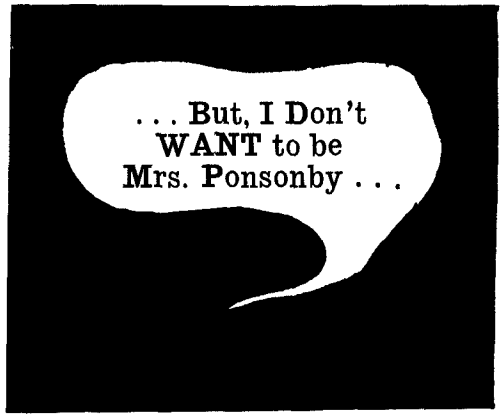
And of course, there was the dumb blonde who would insist that Joan of Arc was Noah's wife; whereas everybody knows she couldn't possibly be, as she wasn't human — she was *made of all irons,* and was melted at the stake.

-◆-

Popular Songs—No. 3.

What the cow said on her way to the corned-beef factory: "I'm a-heading for the last round-up."

-◆-



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

An elderly plutocrat went to a rejuvenating expert, and asked: "Can you make me twenty-five again?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it will cost you five thousand dollars."

"Can you make me eighteen?"

"Yes, but that will cost you twenty-five thousand dollars."

The plutocrat had the operation for eighteen, and six months later the expert called for his money.

"Nothing doing," said the quick-witted patient, "I'm under age—and if you say I'm not, I'll sue you for fraud!"

-◆-

PONSONBY PONDERS.

Is one woman's poise another woman's poison?

Is sex what "refained" yóuths bag their wild oats in?

How is it that women who wear too few clothes are either very poor—or very rich?

If the designation "The Roaring Forties" wouldn't be a good name for the present decade?

Entertainment

The performances of "Circuits and Bumps" given recently in the Technical School are reported elsewhere in this issue. Not only are we glad it was such a tremendous success but we at "32" are glad of the chance we had to pour something into the "Can" and we hope that the "Milky Way" will be a long one for that gallant band of needy and deserving people of the Sea Girt Isle whom we are so proud to call "Our People".

The City Folk want us back again and we want them if the fare provided by the concert party sponsored by the Moose Jaw War Services Auxiliary at our Station, on 29th January last, is a sample of what they can do. We are assured of another real treat on 26th February when they return to "32". Graham Henderson and his company served up a real variety show of burlesque and song such as the troops revel in. "Hendy" is irrepressible when it comes to the comic stuff. He is a show in himself.

"What is the primary use of cowhide?" "To keep the remainder of the cow in position!" Tough nut, isn't it? But that is the object of "Quiz" contests. This was one of the many posers which emerged from our first organised "Quiz" held in the Station Cinema recently. The "Backhouse Badgers" pushed their "snouts" half a point (we nearly said pint) ahead of the "Buglass Busters" to claim the prizes. The "Twitchertwister", which was open to the whole audience by lucky ballot, was won by L/AC Hemmings. We are to have more of these knowledge tests. We want a team of "Know Alls" to compete against our near and dear rivals from No. 33 E.F.T.S., Caron, who have challenged us to a bout over CHAB. This will take place at an early date, so get busy on the encyclopaedia. We hope to prove that whilst there are "Moths" at Caron there ain't no flies on us!

We are now catering for all tastes in music. In addition to Mr. Wickens' worthwhile music, which is a regular feature, we have had two sessions of Rhythmic Rhythm arranged by F/Lt. Shead. Both brands claim a goodly support from their own particular fans.

The Officers triumphed over the Senior N.C.O.'s at a games' night in the Officers' Mess. The playing of darts, table tennis, cribbage, shove ha'penny and draughts gave varied scope for what proved to be a most sociable evening.

Our first Station Dance of the New Year, held on 21st January last, was a really merry affair which was patronised by a large crowd. The highlight of the evening was the presentation of soccer trophies for last year's tournaments by Mrs. James, wife of our Commanding Officer, to LAC. Lafford, captain of the "Miscellaneous" team which won both the league and cup competitions with an undefeated record.

Miniature cups were also awarded to the individual team members: W/Com. Best, S/Ldr. Cooper, Sgt. Andrew, Cpl. Davis, LAC.'s Lafford, Ford, Yarker, Hollowell, Paterson, Mercer, Thurgood, Price, Harker, Mackie, Cameron, Dolphin and AC.1 Groves. We had a sample of their team work to music provided by our own Station Dance Band, the "Lucas Lights". The players took the field confidently to the "Entry of the Gladiators", but when the referee ordered each of them to pick a partner and demonstrate their footwork to the "Victory Waltz" some were caught "offside" but they all won through, many after a hard struggle, to give the spectators a good game.

The next Station Dance, to be held in the Cinema on Wednesday, February 18, will be a "Valentine Vendetta", when Venus will have her fling. We know there are heaps of them in Moose Jaw and we want to see them on parade. So roll up, ladies and gentlemen, roll up!—all prizes and no blanks; for some few win and as to the rest, why—"The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain". —A CARSWELL.

COME in and meet your friends, for you are always welcome at the

COFFEE BAR

in the

BUS DEPOT

Things We Want to Know . . .

What is the name of the pupil of a senior course who wanted to know whether the Duty Flight sign meant "No Flying" or "Use Runways Only"?

Why was a Warrant Officer told to stand by the Dog Kennel?

When is the glass case going to arrive for our Norseman?

Which famous Canning Town crooner has recently been heard crooning to himself, when asleep, "I Wanna be a Cowgirl's Sweetheart"? And has he had those hallucinations since New Year's Eve?

What ginger-headed LAC. in Hut "K" worried the ladies on his December visit to Winnipeg? And are they still fighting for his favours?

How is it possible to form "Close Column of Flights" with only one Flight?

Who is the Saxon beauty (male) whose rug-cutting activities now take all the girls by storm in Temple Gardens? And whether it really is his dancing ability?

Why has the "Little Corporal" decided to give Snooker a rest? Is it because a good Frost is too hot for him?

Who is the LAC. who never buys his girl-friend more than a one dollar box of chocolates, because he is afraid she will get indigestion if he buys more?

When is the Sports Officer going to arrange a Dog Show?

Who is the "Muscle Bender" who went to meet her in a one-armed shirt? And did she ask him to take his coat off? If so, did he?

What is the name of the Flying Instructor who threatened to call in the R.C.M.P. because his shoes were missing? Where did he find them?

Whether the Sickery's interest in Ice-Hockey is an endeavour to discover how accidents happen?

Does "Timber" now know the reason for "Eastern Pants"? And is he nervous when he wears them?

What made "Ginger" run after the Fire-engine in town the other night?

How come that a certain Officer worked so industriously for the "Milk for Britain's Baby Fund"? And how many shared his "good spirits"?

What is the name of the Senior N.C.O. who always addresses his letters "My Dearest Pigeon"? Is she a Homer?

Are a certain N.C.O.'s designs with little bundles of white rag an indication that he is contemplating remustering to C. & B.?

If "Butch" was "put inside" during P.T. the other morning for creating a disturbance?

Which Senior N.C.O. of the Medical Branch always takes his night's amusement in the daytime now that a certain cure for Night Blindness is being stocked on the Station?

What is the reason for a certain Senior N.C.O.'s partiality to a well-known firm of taxis?

THOSE ANXIOUS MOMENTS!

'Ello Chaps!

'Ere's Ruddy
Program for thee . . .

B-A BANDWAGON
FRIDAY 9:30 to 10 p.m.

OVER
STATION **CHAB**

Weston's Dutch Oven
Loaf

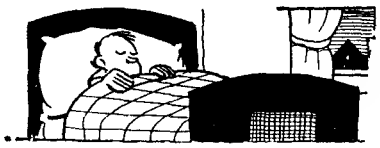
WESTON'S
Bread and Cake
(Canada) Limited

PHONE 4930

Mi Wurd

Aint it astounding the amount of werk the alterashun of clymatick condishuns can make for the blokes that werk (I sed werk) in our Orderly Room. Wot with "overshews will be worn" aving to be printed to enshure that we are proteckted against cold feet, then the sun shines, and awl there hard werk printing has to be alterred again to "Overshews can be worn if yew want to (opshunal, I think they call it). Then it snows, and they have to start awl over again, canselling Serial No. 000 sumthing, para. 000 sumthing else, so that they don't get a charnse to settle down to a cumfurtable cup of char and wods.

Torking abowt whether, I didn't know weather I got up before I woke one or



too mournings last week, as when I got out into the open I saw a town up in the air, and tranes dashing abowt the sky upside down just the same as yew sea arfter having a couple of quarts of Canadian beer on the top of a cookhouse supper. Sumwun sed it was a mirarge, but I thort mirarges, or wotever yew call them, wos things wun onely saw on a dessert. I doant mean the desert yew ave arfter dinner, as I know thats a miracle (its a miracle yew servive arfter eating it). Anyway, if it's wot they tell me it is, a reflecksbun of a plaice many miles away, awl I hope is Hitler saw a mirarge—the reflecksbun of us awl on parade for the inspecksbun the uther day, as it mite have made him think the Gards had bean ree-inforced and had started an invashun, or that he was being invaded by a shower of parashute trupes in formashun.

It is as well this mirarge biziness onely happens owtside. If things like that ockured indoors, there mite be awl sawts of kalamities.

Just imajin if wun mourning in the Drill Hall, the S.W.O. saw a mirarge in the form of a parade, and wen he asked the Flite Sargent how many were absent they awl disapeered into spaice—it wood give him as big a shock as he wood get if he cawled a reel parade to attenshun and they did it smartly furst time and awl the seenier N.C.O.s reported awl present.

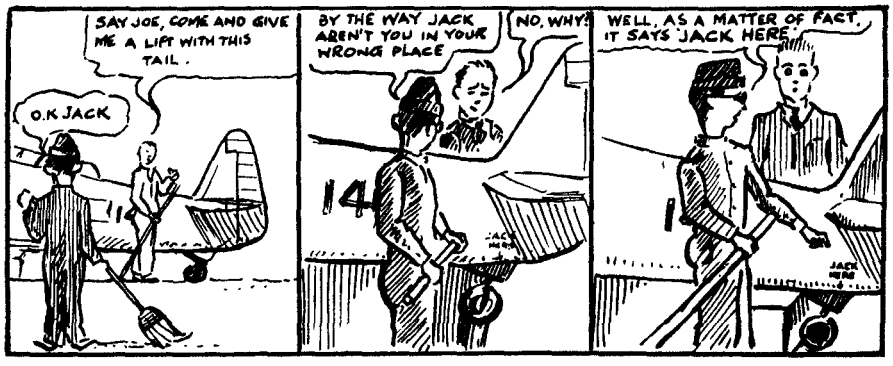
Wun bloke sed that he cood sea "The Boat" but nowun else cood, so it must have bean becos he was servis minded and hit his head on the top bed jumping up kwickly wen he was cawled at 6 a.m.

I am shure we are awl sorry to lose Potted personalities No. 2 (Worrant Offiser G. Black) and wunder weather there will be any fresh faces to plant and water fresh vegs. for the Sargants Mess this yere. He carries with him the best wishes of everywun on the stashun and awl are luking forwerd to seeing him on "The Boat".

Now that the Y.M.C.A. is serving 'ot suppers it reminds us of the N.A.A.F.I. at home, ecksept they aint got the gals.

But, Never Mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES!



"JOE"—BY WALKER

Consult Adastra

ALL PROBLEMS ON LOVE, ASTROLOGY, DIVINATION, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, ETC., ANSWERED

Minnie from Moose Jaw writes: For some years I have been troubled with red blotches on both legs. I have been under several doctors and tried numerous patent medicines. Can you suggest a cure?

This would appear to call for a course of "Circular Saw" treatment. Wrap both the legs around a circular saw, turn on the heat, and watch the blotches disappear; don't bother about the legs, they will disappear also.

* *

Kate from Kentucky writes: I am eight years old, and have developed a strong affection for my Uncle Abner. Would it be correct to consider marriage? He is thirty years older than me, and may get caught in the draft.

When in Kentucky do as the Kentuckians do.

* *

Mrs. Trimble from Tuxford writes: My daughter comes of age shortly and I wish to give her a shower; unfortunately, we have only a slipper bath. Can you suggest anything?

Yes. Scour the countryside for a perforated bucket. If this is unsuccessful, a surgical operation with six inch nails and a normal bucket should suffice. Place the bucket in position, using window cord 3/8" thick, place the daughter under the bucket, and keep Mr. Trimble busy filling the bucket with water. If there is a scarcity of water, beer can be used, although it is rather more expensive. Guests from Weyburn should be invited.

* *

Gertie, Box 10, Prairie Provinces, writes: I have been keeping company with a boy for eighteen years; he is now about to go on active service with the Y.M.C.A. Should I ask him his intentions before he leaves, or am I a little impetuous?

If his prospects are good, and on the face of things I should say they are, marry him. To do this it may be necessary to stupify him in some way—a mixture of Hudson Bay rum and a corrupt judge should suffice.

* *

Newly Wed from Belle Plaine wishes me to send her a recipe for a good party cake.

Try this one: Take nine eggs—not more than fifty yards away, one haddock from Lake Superior, ½ oz. breadcrumbs (gravel can be used in lieu of), and 2 bottles of Coca Cola. Mix the breadcrumbs or the gravel in a coke oven, drink the Coca Cola, send out a search party for the eggs, and serve the haddock cold.

PLEASE . . .

The Editor earnestly appeals to all contributors to let him have their material earlier. This is absolutely essential if the standard so far achieved by this magazine is to be maintained.

Moose Jaw Times-Herald

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FINANCIAL - LADIES' PAGES - WORLD NEWS
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THE TIMES COMPANY LTD.

MOOSE JAW . . SASK.

On Life in the Sickery

Life in the Sickery is rated as good,
With a chief ministering angel in Sergeant E. Wood,
Out on the stage he rates as a singer,
But watch him perform with a bleeding cut finger.

As a very old customer, the truth I will tell,
I've been in myself, and I've studied it well.
While you read and digest, it will probably shock,
But you'll wish to move in, in a body, "en bloc".

Having met Duty Corporal, and arrived safe and sound,
At the home where you're taken before "underground",
And dropped both galoshes on heap by the mat,
You enter the room where the "clients" are sat.

You won't find a seat or a hook for your clothes,
And barely find room for wiping your nose;
For the place is packed full with the sick and unwary
Who've gradually succumbed to the Plague of the Prairie.

It comes in numerous types of diseases:
In heartache, in backache, in coughs and in sneezes;
It causes grey hair, it comes out in the skin,
And makes people go out when they should come in.

But whatever your trouble, condition or state,
Be always prepared for at least an hour's wait.
So you've time to look 'round and study the gloom.
Which is set like a mask, on each face in the room.

But don't be alarmed at the sight that you see,
For that mask, in a flash, can be changed into glee;
For a name will be called and someone will go,
With a slight little grin to see the Station M.O.

A few mniutes pass, then the tension is lifted,
And out comes the man—you can tell he's admitted.
For that mask that was glum has been pushed out of place,
And Sergeant E. Wood has a hospital case.

He walks past the coughing, and by chaps nearly dead,
With a light, springy step to the head of the bed.
It's a wonderful sight for sore eyes, I'm sure,
For the blankets are red, and there's twenty or more.

You're dished out with slippers, and dressing gown too,
And pyjamas with stripes, a very nice blue.
So you hop into bed, and then look around,
For the place is so nice, and there isn't a sound.

You cannot believe you are still on the camp,
Then you think of the chap, on the 'drome, with the lamp.
The thought makes you shudder, you squirm on your pillow,
Which couldn't be softer if by Waring and Gillow.

The mattress sinks down, you feel full of zest,
But you mustn't forget you're in for a rest;
So you stifle your ego and utter no sound,
And artfully wait for the M.O. to come 'round.

He's coming at last, with slow measured tread.
So you've plenty of time to squirm in your bed
And give the impression of pain with your look,
While your symptoms are noted in Doctor's black book.

You hear "Mist—Sodi—Sal" and perhaps "Number Nine?"
Perhaps it's an aspirin, perhaps it's some brine;
It might be a diet of chicken for lunch,
Whatever it is you're as happy as Punch.

Once you are in and have passed the M.O.'s test,
You begin to see life again—Yes, at its best!
For they fetch you your meals, your breakfast, your lunch.
You sit up in bed, and hot toast you munch.

There's a bell by your bed—if you need things you ring,
It couldn't be better if you were a king;
It's a life in a million, there isn't a doubt,
You notice the difference the minute you're out.

And then comes the day when the M.O. comes 'round.
And you're still in bed, while others lost ground
And have gone, and there's few about;
He reaches your bed and says "Patient—you're out!"

You can hardly believe the words that you hear;
Your kingdom has crashed. The moment you fear
Has arrived wtih a sickening, horrible blow;
And so, back to work, on the 'drome, in the snow.

So those who are tired, or weary, or sad,
Or wake in the morning with head feeling bad.
Just away to the Sick Bay for life that is good—
Have a fatherly chat with Sergeant E. Wood.

—J. W. G.

The Miracle

THE side street was ugly and very dirty. Scantily clad children played around the doors, their shouts mingling with the noise of traffic coming from the main road. The high, blackened brick houses on either side allowed only a little sunlight to reach the pavement in the afternoon, but the air was hot and heavy, adding to the general depression which hung down its whole length. A hawker shouted his wares as he walked beside his pony and flat down the centre of the street, while an organ grinder moved slowly up the gutter, turning out a tinkling tune at each halt.

The young curate turned the corner, threaded his way through the people and children on the broken pavement. He endeavoured to speak to everyone he passed, here and there stopping for a few moments with those who were spending the summer afternoons out of doors, some standing, others sitting on their doorsteps or on chairs they had brought out into the street. It was a real effort for him to appear cheery, for all around him was evidence of circumstances which revolted him. He would have been most indignant though, had anyone suggested it revolted him, for he was most sincere, and had chosen a slum parish in preference to a country living where everything was pleasant and peaceful, and the clergyman saw very little sin and corruption to trouble his everyday life. He had intended to help these people, lighten their burden, and pray that they might live to see pleasant daily surroundings, but already his enthusiasm was beginning to flag, for it was not easy in this part of the town where morals were low and very little of the beauty in life was to be found.

His greetings were returned by each person he addressed, but he did not loiter, for he had a duty to perform, only the first of several in that afternoon. He reached number 46, almost collided with a child who came running out of the open door followed by a stream of abuse, and walked up the creaking staircase to the top floor. All the way up he had glimpses of dirty crockery, bare tables, old furniture with its accompanying air of gloom, and uncarpeted floors. The only sign of prosperity was the blare of half a dozen radios going full strength.

At last he reached the door of the room he sought, knocked, and was asked to enter.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Richards," he said gravely, "I trust you are a little better today."

Mrs. Richards was sitting up in an iron bed taking a cup of tea with her next door neighbour, Jenny.

"Good afternoon, sir," she replied, "I can't say as 'ow I can complain today, I've been a lot worse these past few days."

The curate removed his hat and sat down beside the bed.

"Shall I read a little to you, today," he asked, "or would you prefer to chat for a while?"

"Why I should love to 'ear you read," replied the woman, "wouldn't I now, Jenny?"

Jenny nodded her assent, and the curate took a Bible from his pocket. Mrs. Richards listened intently, and when he was finished relaxed on her pillow.

"'Ave a cup of tea," she said, but the curate refused—he could not stay much longer—and asked her what the doctor had said.

"Oh, 'e said I was definitely on the mend, and as long as I get the right kind of nourishment I should be up very shortly."

"That's good to hear," replied the curate, and continued, thoughtfully, " . . the right kind of nourishment. What exactly does that imply? Maybe I can help by getting you something."

"'E said," replied Mrs. Richards, brightening visibly, "that a good drop of tonic wine would do me a lot of good."

The curate was dismayed, and remained silent for a minute. He certainly could not afford to buy the wine himself out of his own small stipend, and he could imagine the scene that would ensue if he asked the vicar for it.

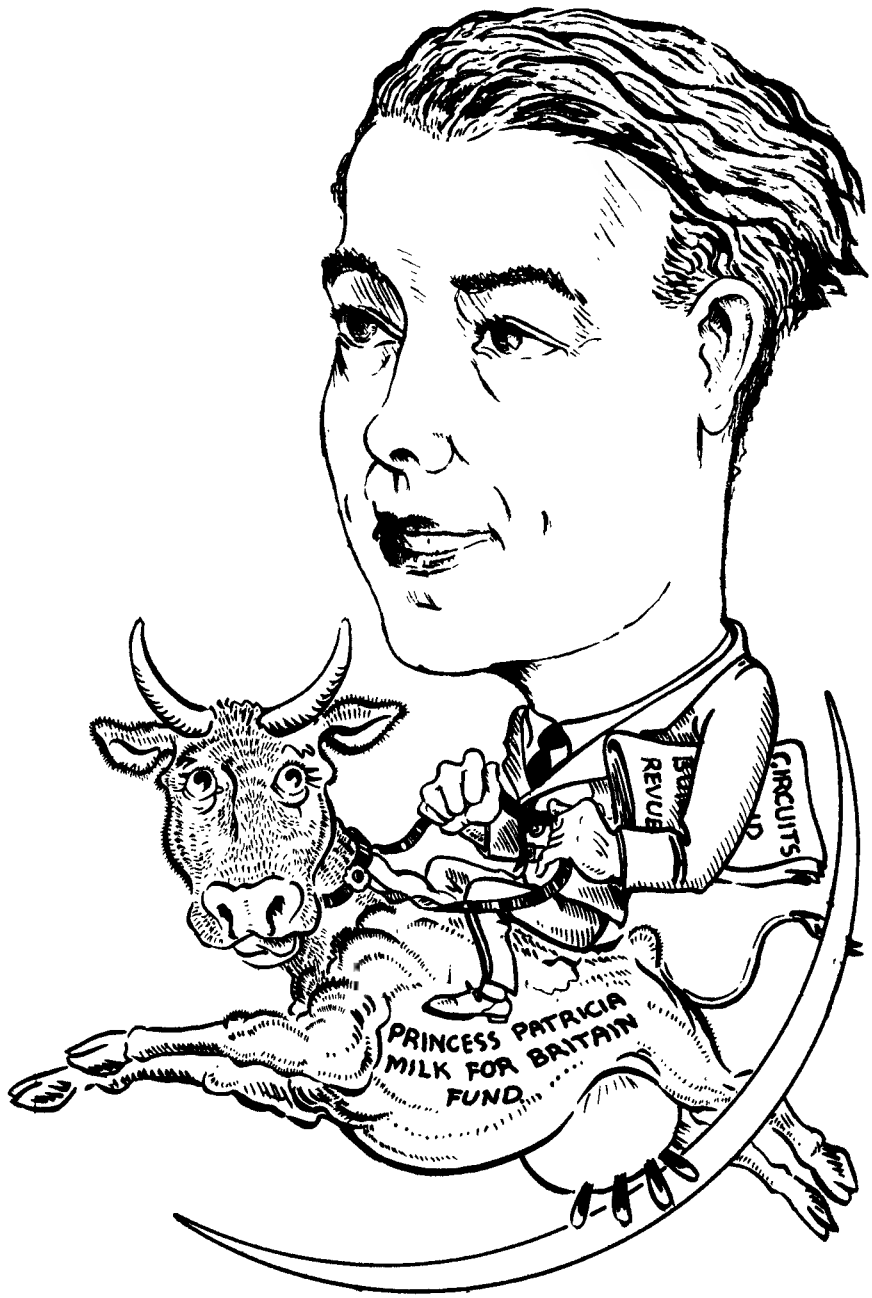
"I am afraid I cannot help you there," he said to the lady on the bed, and her dismay almost frightened him, so he added hastily, "how much is it?"

"Eight-and-six" was the prompt reply.

Again there was rather an awkward silence, and then the curate with a sud-

• *Continued on Page 27*

Potted Personalities—No. 7



F/O. D. M. (PETER) DOBREE-BELL

Life in the Sickery

A week or so back we had record numbers of airmen on the Sick Parade. We were tempted to believe that the Inspector General's visit had something to do with this from a "Gravelstamping" point of view—amazing how so many athletes' feet could develop in so short a time!

When the lighter evenings come we expect to arrange a series of Organ Recitals for our patients in the Station Hospital. The name of the Organist cannot be divulged at present as we are afraid there would be a slump as far as patients are concerned.

Poor old Marcelle has been in "dock" following his hectic Holiday Season, but thanks to the number of "Nutty Crunches" that Norman brought to him, he is now out and about again and has already attended 19 social events since his discharge from the Sickery. (This beats Churm's record by 1.)

There was a quite a scare the other day, when the Magic Lamp failed to deliver the "goods". We were afraid the S.W.O. would have to be referred to Professor Drake, A.P.P.L.E., for the completion of his treatment, but after a check by our resident electrician the Lamp worked O.K. again.

On the night when the Officers entertained the Senior N.C.O's to a Games Night the four "Docs" were seen to be fighting out a grim Ping Pong duel; we cannot give you any figures as we are still unaware of the final score.

"Brummy" Skelding has left us for a while. We are extremly sorry about this and hope he is treated as well as he treated us in the "Juggery".

All dwellers at No. 32 are asking about the Secret Weapon we have acquired at the Sickery, and for those who are interested we have arranged for Cpl. Evans to give weekly lectures on its use. (But don't believe all he says!)

For all those little dears who like to tramp around the camp without greatcoats and then report sick with colds, we have a special supply of Red Flannel Chest Protectors forwarded from a Moose Jaw Store. They may be obtained if prescribed by the Medical Officer, and all fittings are personally supervised by the renowned Sister Scholes, who has been specially released from bondage in the Tinroom for one week in order to carry out this noble work in the cause of suffering humanity.

After many conferences behind locked doors, endless Microscopic gazings, delving through huge Medical Books, passing of secret files, and twirling on the Secret Weapon, we are at last able to announce that a new disease has been born. Two features are outlined in order that precautions may be taken to guard against it. Firstly, it is peculiar to Senior N.C.O's and, secondly, it will always make its presence felt about forty-eight hours after a Week-end Pass. Now for the name of this complaint . . . it is . . . REGINA THROAT!

Arrangements are to be shortly made for a supply of "Stubby", "3 Decker Bars" and "Funnies" to regular attenders on the Sick Parade, in order to make the hours of waiting less arduous.

Cpl. Collier has at last told us all that he is inviting us to no more Turkey Dinners. We have tried to get the "gen" on how he made one Turkey last out for nearly eight months, but it is a very closely guarded secret known only to himself. By the way, he still hands out loads of advice to Erks who are about to get married, not that any of them take any notice of him.

The following is an unofficial interpretation of the Medical Term ATTEND "B" ONE DAY: Excused all parades, remain in billet (to all intents and purposes, Room Orderly), and having kept out of sight until 16.30 hours, proceed to the Station Hospital and attempt to obtain permission from the S.M.O. to leave Camp in order to attend to "important business." (In the case of "Linky Dinks", this would be a Hockey Game.) AND SO TO BED.

There is no truth in the rumour that "Butch" is undergoing treatment for a very special type of drinking diabetes.

LAC. Ferrington has been made a life member of the War Services Club in Moose Jaw. This is in recognition of his services to that very good institution. The official communique says: "He is endorsed with life membership of the club as a token of our gratitude for the way in which he has supported us, and particularly for the interest he has always shown in the Cakes and Pastries which have been left over after a social evening."

And so we end our Bulletin for this time. See you all in a month.

NOT GUILTY

"Good heavens!" . . I managed to gasp. . "You must have done something pretty steep to get a sentence like that."

WE had been sitting alone in the railway carriage some time before he spoke, when after a moment's hesitation he leaned across, and in a quiet cultured voice asked, "Excuse me, but have you a cigarette?"

"Certainly," I replied, glad that the silence had been broken at last, "take a few if you are short."

"No, thank you," he said, "I only want one," and having helped himself from my proffered case, sat back with a sigh of content.

"You seem to be enjoying that," I said, hoping to make the most of the opportunity to talk.

"Yes," he replied, "I am rather. You see, I haven't smoked for six years."

"Six years is a long time," I said, "but whatever made you decide to take it up again on the spur of the moment?"

"It's really very simple," he answered, "you see I only came out of jail this morning."

He said this in such a matter of fact tone, that I was momentarily taken aback. It also made me feel a little tight around the collar.

"Good heavens!" I managed to gasp, "You must have done something pretty steep to get a sentence like that!"

"On the contrary," said my companion, "I was perfectly innocent—that's the whole trouble."

"Come, now," I said, rallying to the defence of our legal system, "I don't know very much about this sort of thing, but I thought that just didn't happen."

"Well," he said, with a sigh, "it's a long story."

"I am prepared to listen," I said, my sole intention now being to keep him in the far corner until it was time for me to alight.

"I used to be a shop assistant," he continued, "and although the salary wasn't high, I was well treated and getting along quite well. At the time I was engaged to be married, and I found it rather hard to save and take my young lady out at the same time, and the problem became even more acute as her birthday approached. I simply had to buy her a decent present, but all the things I had in mind were far beyond my slender resources. Well, I was still bothering my head about this, when a clock appeared on my counter and there was no getting away from it—it was an absolute bargain at five pounds, and just the thing I had been looking for. The problem was, of course, the five pounds, and I was very much afraid it would be sold before I had saved up enough to pay for it myself, so I went to a lot of trouble to keep it away from our customers. I used to put it in the most inconspicuous positions behind the counter, and weeks passed and it was still there. Eventually when the sales came on, I had to hide it away altogether as the price was reduced to four pounds ten, and I knew somebody would spot it if I left it on display. Well, time went on, and I managed to save up the four pounds ten, but before I bought it I thought I had better let my fiancee see it in case she did not like it. So that night, before I went home, I wrapped it up in a brown paper parcel and commenced to walk out. I was very surprised to find the manager and store detective waiting for me. They immediately questioned me about the clock, as apparently they had had their eyes on it for some time, and my behaviour had aroused their suspicions.

" 'Oh, that's perfectly all right,' I said, and started to explain.

"But they just wouldn't listen to me. They prosecuted, with the result I got six years."

"But they don't give you six years for pinching a clock!" I said. "Are you certain you hadn't done anything before that?"

"As a matter of fact, I did get into a spot of trouble before that," he replied, "but there again I was perfectly innocent."

"You seem to have been very unlucky," I said.

"Well, it's a long story," he continued. I sat back and waited.

• *Continued on next page*

NOT GUILTY

• *Continued*

"I had a job as a commercial traveller for a pretty good firm, and was doing quite well. They supplied me with a car, and I covered quite a large district with my supply of samples—they were diamond merchants. In the course of my journeys I became very friendly with a chap who had a country house outside a small town I used to visit. I first met him in the bar of a hotel where I used to visit, and we became very pally after we found out we were both very keen fishermen. We met several times and discussed various aspects of fishing, when he asked me to come down and spend a week-end with him some time—he seemed quite enthusiastic about the supply of trout in the local river, and although I wasn't free at the time, I said I should be pleased to accept just as soon as I could get the necessary time off. It was several weeks later when I found time to visit him, but business slackened off a bit, and I rang him up one day and fixed to go up the next week-end. I was so excited about it, it was the first holiday I had had in months, and so busy getting cleared up before I went, that I clean forgot it was the day I was supposed to report to my employers to have my samples checked. So off I went on the week-end, and we had such a good time that he begged me to stay a little longer. The trout were biting beyond anything I had anticipated, and he proved such a good companion, that I accepted. I was not too hard pressed at the time, and felt I could afford a short holiday. I stayed the rest of the week.

"In the meantime, my employers had become most anxious about the diamonds I had in my possession, and apparently they started to make enquiries. It wasn't long before the police paid me a visit and asked me a lot of silly questions. Of course, I explained exactly how it had happened, but they just laughed at me, and my employers had me arrested and I got four years."

"How much were the sparklers worth?" I asked.

"About a hundred quid," he replied.

"But you don't get four years for running off with a hundred quid's worth of diamonds," I said, losing patience. "Surely you must have done something before that."

"Yes," he said, "I was in a spot of bother before that, but I was quite innocent, mind you."

"Naturally," I said.

"It's a long story," he said.

"Go on," I said, with a sigh.

"It was this way: I used to work in a small town, and as I am quite fond of my pint of ale and game of darts, I became quite well known in the local pub. We had some grand times down there—discussed everything from politics to film stars, and, of course, everybody took sides. One night, shortly after an outbreak of smash-and-grab raids in the district, we had a debate on whether the criminals would get away with it over a long period. As usual, we took sides automatically, and I found myself backing up the crooks. I took up the attitude that as long as jewellers would leave valuable stuff in their windows unprotected, there was bound to be a continuance of that sort of theft. I also went on to point out how easy it was to organize a smash-and-grab raid in a sleepy little town like the one where we lived, and I went to great lengths to gain my point. The pub closed at ten with the argument still going strong, and after we said goodnight, I turned away to go home. However, I remembered on the way that I had promised my fiancee—a different one this time—that I would look up a ring for her, so I went round by the local jewellers to see what they had in the window. When I got there the window was steamed up, and I spent quite a time stretching and bending, but I couldn't see a thing. I was just turning away when it occurred to me that the steam may have been on the outside, so I put up my hand and rubbed the glass, but it was on the inside, so I continued home, intending to look again in the morning.

"Well, sometime during the night there was a smash-and-grab raid on the shop, and the thieves got clean away. The police made a search, and unfortunately found my fingerprints on the broken glass, so they came around and arrested me. Of course, I protested my innocence to the last, but everything was against me, even my pals came forward and testified on my conversation the night before in the pub, so I was convicted and got two years."

"I know! I know!" I almost shouted, "but how did the police know they were *your* fingerprints on the glass?"

"Well," he said sadly, "it's a long story. . . . . ." T.S.M.G.

American Enterprise: Making toeless shoes a fashion instead of a calamity!

Technical Terms Illustrated

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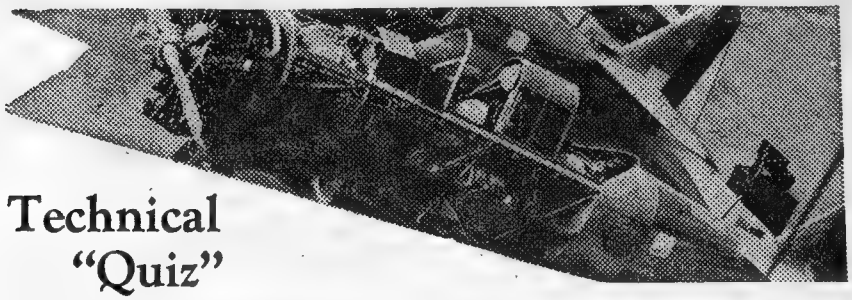

Technical "Quiz"

(The Editor will be pleased to receive readers' answers to these questions. The best will be published in next month's issue, together with comments from the author. It must be understood, however, that easy promotion, "buckshee" leave, week-ends and day-passes are unlikely prizes!)

1. Why is the device attached to the leading edge of the starboard mainplane of a Harvard called a Pressure Head? Why is it sometimes referred to as a Pitot Head? Is there any reason for it being mounted on a long extension? Give a good reason why it should be nickel-plated.
2. Why does the Harvard make so much more noise than most other types of aircraft? Has the engine design anything to do with this, and if so, what? Would the noise be eliminated if a three-bladed airscrew was fitted?
3. Why is it that the Exhaust Gas Analyser gives an indication of the fuel mixture supplied to the engine? How is this instrument eliminated on most British aircraft? What other cockpit instrument gives some similar indication?
4. Why is it that the outer mainplanes of the Harvard are attached to the centre section by a large number of bolts, whereas most British aircraft use only four? Has this anything to do with the number of screws holding the tank covers to the centre section, and if so, what? Has it anything to do with the undercarriage being mounted near the leading edge of the centre section?

THE MIRACLE

• *Continued from Page 20*

den ray of genius suggested, "We could, of course, pray for help."

Mrs. Richards nodded rather hopelessly, but nothing daunted, he knelt beside the bed and began to pray.

At last he finished, and standing up, exclaimed, "I feel sure that help should come from somewhere after that."

Mrs. Richards gazed wistfully at him and sighed.

As he moved, he heard something jingle. Incredulously, he felt for his pocket, and fumbling hastily he produced three half-crowns and a shilling. He was stunned. There had certainly been nothing in his pocket when he came in—this was nothing short of a miracle!

"Mrs. Richards," he stammered, "help has come already—here is the money in my pocket!" Like a man in a dream he stumbled down the stairs and out into the street to purchase the wine.

Back in her room Mrs. Richards gazed glumly at her friend, who still carried a look of amazement on her face. "I don't know what I am going to do for the rent this week, I'm sure."

"Why, Margaret Richards, you told me yourself you had the money all ready for the landlord when he called," exclaimed Jenny.

"I know," sighed the older woman, "but 'e was praying there so earnest like, I felt I couldn't disappoint 'im, so I slipped it in 'is pocket when 'is eyes were shut." T.S.M.G.

THE SAINTS

Three persons were travelling in an English railway carriage—two men and one very pretty young lady. For a while they sat looking at one another, the men's glances getting more bold and admiring with each passing minute.

Then one of the men spoke up, saying to the girl: "Hello, there! My name is Peter."

The second man, not to be outdone, intervened with: "He's no saint—my name is Péter."

The girl gave them both an icy stare, and said "My name is Mary."

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FLYER **News Section** SPECIAL

MARCH, 1942

Overflow at 'Tech'

Lullaby of the Shaves

Instructor Reaps and Sleeps

No. 32, S.F.T.S., Feb. 10.—From a reliable source we learn that a popular Flying Instructor of this station makes a regular habit of sleeping every morning while shaving.

Our correspondent informs us that on first seeing this phenomenon he was under the impression that he was witnessing a severe case of Somnambulism, but subsequent investigations reveal that the subject is lulled to peaceful sleep by the rhythmic strokings of brush on chin.

We are unable to ascertain whether the same effect could be brought about by tickling, but no doubt the Senior Medical Officer will be able to clear up this point, as facts of the case are being placed before him in the cause of medical science.

Chivalry, or, Curses! Foiled Again

Moose Jaw, The Other Night.—Our roving reporter was on the prowl the other night, and, quite unashamed and unconcerned, came back with the following story.

The LAC. u/t strolled into the Capitol, hat on the back of his head, collar up and coat unbuttoned. His seat was next to a young lady's and in front of our reporter. Hence the reporter forgot the film. The flying ace edged over a bit, then another bit, then another bit, and the girl moved the other way, then another bit, then another bit, then moved across towards him. She accepted the chocolate he gave her, she didn't mind him slipping his arm around her shoulder—then the show finished.

Up Main, with rover at their heels, went the couple; along Oxford and up 2nd N.W. "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello are starred at the end of the week," said he. "I know," said she—this after he had rambled on about his spinning, loops and rolls.

Nothing more was said till the couple reached a garden gate. She slipped quickly past, shut the gate, leaned over and said, "Thanks ever so much." He said, "I—er—that's all right." Our reporter said—blank, blank. . . . .

'Circuits & Bumps' Gets Big Hand in City

$550 Raised

(By Special Correspondent)

"Circuits and Bumps", the Camp's own revue, which, sponsored by Moose Jaw's well-known Princess Patricia Club, was put on at the Technical School on February 3rd and 4th, in aid of the "Milk for Britain's Babies Fund", played to enthusiastic full houses both nights, and achieved a well-earned success.

The show was substantially the same as that staged in the Station Cinema just prior to Christmas, and was reported fully in last month's "Prairie Flyer".

On every hand one hears nothing but praise from Moose Jaw citizens, many of whom consider it the best stage presentation ever to be seen in the city. Its reception must have pleased both sponsors and participants, but probably the most pleasing feature to them was the magnificent sum realized.

At the time of going to press final figures are not available, but I understand a net profit in the region of $550 may be expected. That's a lot of milk!

32 SEEKS PROV. HONOURS

Constructive Criticism

No. 32 S.F.T.S., Feb. 6, 1942—Sawing, banging, chiselling, digging and cement mixing prompted the making of inquiries as to all the hullabaloo on the North side of the Camp. For a couple of weeks at least, now, a gang of men, complete with a quaint steam engine contraption, have been erecting a "something."

It was first thought that the building would eventually turn out to be the "Planning Room", a large hall where he could move around toy soldiers, mark out and sweep parade grounds, switch off and on aeroplane engines when he so desired, instead of using matches and an unbelievable imagination. W. & B. scotched this idea.

Our reporter was told that it might be a new clothing store, but Stores have managed to obtain a match box for their three buttons; likewise it was untrue that the iron bars were going to be erected as a safe for the mincing machine.

The gen—straight from the horse's mouth (but the horse has wandered, so don't try and check up) the new building is the "Madhouse" for the poor unfortunates who are driven mad by parades and P.T. on top of beans and hard-fried bacon! So rest easy, men, they're looking after your welfare.

Letter to the Editor

Sir,—

A number of fellows who attend the Camp "flicks" would do well to remember the famous line, "Play the Game".

We are fortunate to have three picture shows a week, entirely free and it is up to us to show our appreciation of this service. Yet, at almost every show, one can hear cat-calls and numerous uncalled for remarks when the picture breaks down or if there is any length of time while the reels are being changed.

These fellows should remember that they are not paying for admission, the chaps in the projection room are doing their best, and if they think they can do better, why don't they do it in the proper manner and not make themselves look cheap.

To them I would say, "Play the Game".

Yours, etc.,

DISGUSTED.

Defeat Moosomin to Reach Finals

Moosomin, Feb. 8, 1942.—Bang! Bump! Boom! The alert has sounded and it's a terrific "blitz" in which the Moosomin Badgers have taken the initiative by dropping surprise bombs in our vulnerable zones, early in the battle against the Prairie Flyers, in the hope that they can smash us and so advance to meet the other contestants in the final struggle for the South Saskatchewan Intermediate Playdowns.

The Badgers blasted at our defences from long range and then bored in like Storm Troops to catch the rebounds.

Early in the first period they hit the target on two occasions but the Flyers, who never before played together as a team, were undaunted, and under the able captaincy of Stan Bladon, ex-Regina Rangers (Allan Cup Winners), fought back, and by clever manoeuvring won the day by a score of 5 goals to 4 in the first game of the series of two, played at Moosomin on Friday, February 6th.

The team was not a class combination but they were all triers, and we had crack Puck Pilots in Bladon 2 (unassisted), Sullivan 2 (one assist from Cohen) and Cook 1 (from Bladon and Cohen). Goalkeeper Diamond took the

• *Continued on Page 33*

RADIO REACTION

"Smudge" Smudges Reputation

No. 32 S.F.T.S., Early Feb. — Their attention distracted and their rest disturbed by a never silent radio set, the property of a nearby occupant of their billet, a group of Senior N.C.O.'s on this unit went into conference recently to determine the course of action to be adopted to put a stop to the nuisance.

One of their number, professing more than a working knowledge of the intricate workings of modern radio sets, volunteered to do something which would put the set out of action without damaging it. His companions, therefore, unanimously elected him to the task, and, knowing the set's owner to be in the Mess, he departed, bent on his purpose.

On his return a minute or so later, he proudly produced a tube (valve, to you!) which he had removed from the set, and which, he assured his grateful colleagues, would "do the trick"; never more would their rest be disturbed.

In high humour the group decided they would await the knob-twiddler's return, and so, in gleeful anticipation they settled down to discussing the reactions he would experience. At last, their patience was rewarded—the wanderer returned. The group held their breaths, heard him walk across the room, and as they heard him switch on the set, they joyfully nudged each other.

Imagine their surprise when, after a second or two, red-hot rhythm blared forth from the set. Their first reaction was deathly silence, but they have made up for it since, and we learn on reliable authority that the "technician" in question is contemplating taking a correspondence course in Radio Mechanics in order to discover what he did. Alternately (it is rumoured), he is considering applying for an attachment outside the station until such time as the affair has blown over, or his face resumes its normal colour, whichever comes first.

Croonette Captivates Crowd

Camp Dance Great Success

No. 32, Jan. 21.—At the dance held by this Unit tonight, a record number of carpet cutters were in attendance. Many celebrities were present—we don't know their names—to see a bunch of miscellaneous gladiators presented with the swag collected from their performances in the arena of sport.

A big attraction was the personal appearance of a bee-ooti-ful croonette from the studios of CKCK, Regina. It is understood that there have been over one thousand applications for auditions at that Radio Station during the past fortnight.

One of the gladiators gave no heed to the trophies when he saw the fair lady and heard her sing. We were deeply impressed by the nifty manner in which he crooned to the wench. Looked like Close Harmony to this department.

The band played very well indeed, and the drummer gave the best session of drumming heard in Moose Jaw for many prairie moons. A few minutes snooping revealed the fact that they gave such a sizzling performance their ties were covered with honest sweat.

The major menaces on the highway at the present time, we are told, are Drunken Driving, uncontrolled "Thumbing" and indiscriminate "Necking." . . . Briefly, "Hic", "Hike", and "Hug"!

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DRY CLEANING, PRESSING AND ALTERATIONS

DEFEAT MOOSOMIN

• *Continued from Page 30*

brunt of the Badgers' barrage very ably.

When the Flyers retired from the rink with a lead of one goal (after being 2 down) to carry forward to the next game, the lads had proved once again that the Air Force could fight back to win.

In the next engagement, pitched on the same battleground, on Saturday, February 7th, the Badgers again employed "blitz" tactics, advanced to a lead of 4 goals to nil which they held at "Cease Firing" at the end of the second period. Bladon, who had "revved up" time and again to make repeated thrusts into enemy territory was too well covered by the Badgers' "Big Guns" to get in a telling blow and it was only in the third and final period that the Flyers managed to smother the Badgers.

The heat was on. It was a deadly struggle against heavy odds. The power which the Flyers released was terrific. Time marches on but the Air Force flies, and this was the real Air Force fighting against adversity with emphasis on the Force. The small coterie of players and staff in the box was their sole vocal support and did they cheer!

The Flyers darted and dived in and around the Badger defences and then the "machine guns" from Sullivan (unassisted), Cook (unassisted) and Cook again (from Bladon) penetrated to score "bulls" and reduce the margin in this game to two goals (5-3).

Cook, Bladon and Cohen were in perfect harmony now, but could they make it in time? They did, with a goal scored by Preston, assisted by Bladon.

Time was up with the score at 5-4 for Moosomin and the players retired for a much needed rest. With the carry forward of one goal from the previous night's play the Flyers had tied the round and an extra 10 minutes (straight) had to be played.

Seven minutes went by and the teams were still level with the Flyers making most of the advances. The tactics and superior skill displayed by them began to tell; the Badgers' fire was stifled but it was still a fight against time. With two minutes to go the Badgers were "shot down" by the "fire" from Cohen, assisted by Bladon, and the "crash" cost them the tie—the total score for the two games being 10-9 for the Flyers.

The Badgers fought valiantly but the Air Force proved that skill and endurance to withstand heavy onslaughts is their forte.

It was a good clean sporting contest which we just managed to win with all the lads giving of their best.

The crash party had been sent to a forced landing and, of course, of all nights it had to be Saturday. Feeling thoroughly "browned off" they were surveying the damage both to property and the "kite" in the light of an early Sunday morning, when an inquisitive local reporter came snooping 'round for "gen" for his "rag."

For the umpteenth time he tackled the corporal in charge, a poker faced individual with a very dry sense of humour. "Now, come, my good fellow," he began, "just tell me what caused this aeroplane to come down."

Slowly the poker faced N.C.O. turned and in a very slow drawl replied: "Gravity, my man, just gravity."

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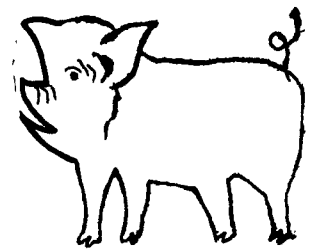
"Wiglets" Winners . . .

Although not easy, last month's "WIGLET" brought forward a number of amusing efforts, the best of which are published below. Prizes have been awarded to the winners.

F. CRAGGS,
4728 Dewdney Ave.,
Regina.



E. FARRIER
757 Coteau St. W.
Moose Jaw

MISS MARION AFFLECK
277 Athabasca St. W.
Moose Jaw

ALAN ROBBINS (Age 11)
68 Oxford St. W., Moose Jaw

L/AC. S. FARR
Accounts Section,
32 S.F.T.S.

THIS MONTH'S WIGLET

And here is "WIGLET" No. 2. See what you can do with it. Entries should reach the Editor before February 28, 1942. The best will be published in next month's issue. Preference will be given to the most original entries in the space allowed.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 6

T	A	P	■	P	A	L	■	W	A	G
I	■	E	R	U	D	I	T	E	■	A
P	E	R	■	R	I	M	■	S	T	Y
■	R	E	P	R	O	B	A	T	E	■
D	A	G	O	■	S	■	B	E	A	R
I	■	R	I	P	■	T	O	R	■	O
G	R	I	N	■	C	■	U	N	I	T
■	A	N	T	A	R	C	T	I	C	■
S	E	A	■	R	O	I	■	S	E	N
I	■	T	H	E	A	T	R	E	■	E
T	I	E	■	A	T	E	■	D	E	W

The prize of $1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

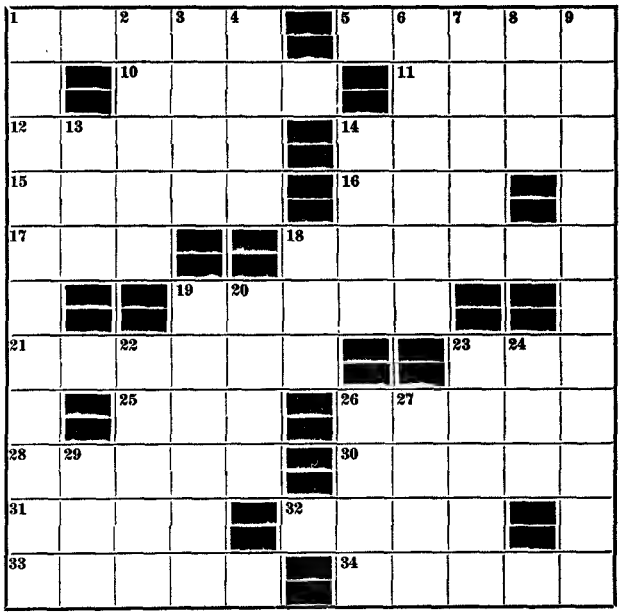
ALICE M. COOPER
641 Skipton Road
Moose Jaw

Crossword Competition No. 7

The Editor offers a prize of $1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive befor 28th February, 1942.

"The Prairie Flyer,"
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

marking the envelope "X-word."



Clues Across

1. Inclination.
5. Tent.
10. He was our enemy once, now he is our friend.
11. Ball game.
12. Single.
14. "Gen."
15. Meal taker.
16. Even.
17. English city.
18. Bigger.
19. Slights.
21. Head covering.
23. Part of 33.
25. From.
26. Lapse makes for noise.
28. Vegetable.
30. Garret.
31. Labour.
32. Is a pit explosive?
33. Set about us for something nice.
34. Fun and games.

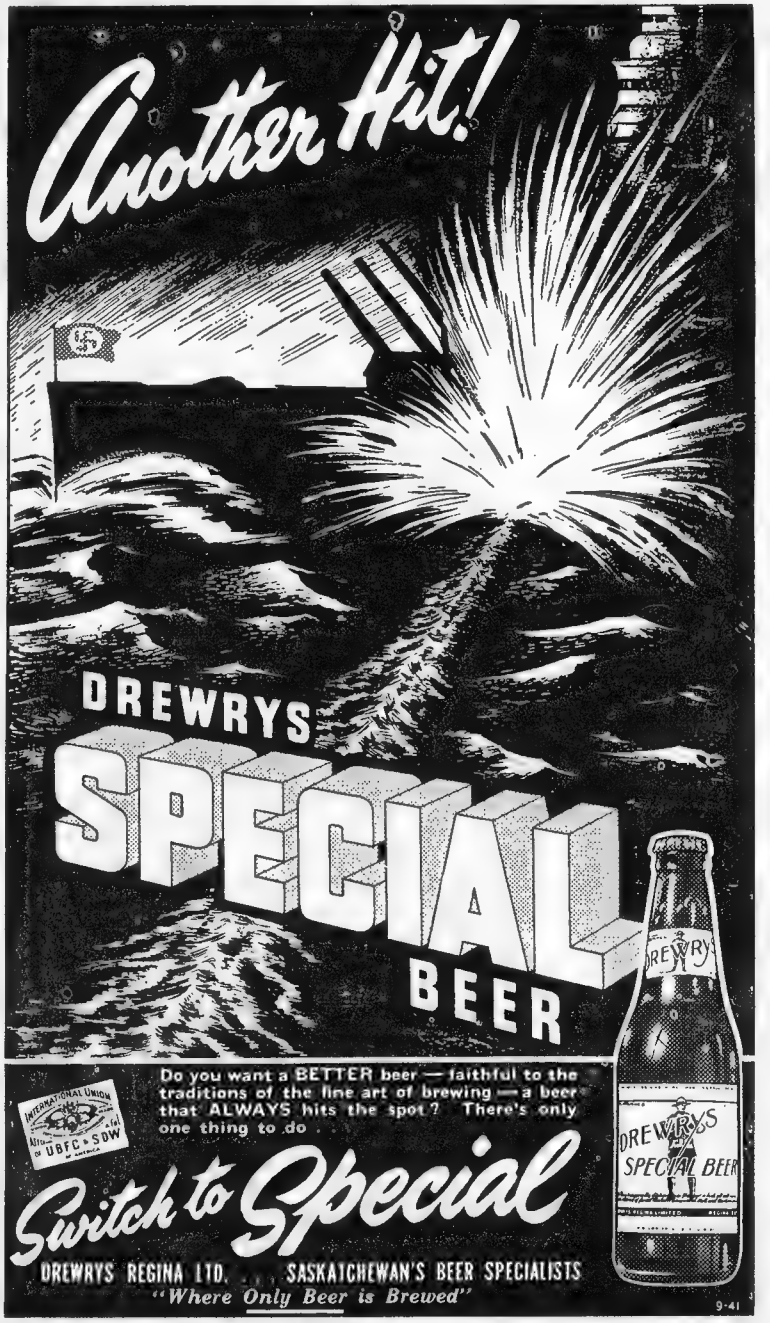
Clues Down

1. What the boxers did by way of business (two words).
2. Wood.
3. No direction for nothing.
4. Animal.
6. Birds.
7. A draw gives a this.
8. Sprite.
9. Bubbles.
13. Short girl.
14. Rage upset the equipment.
18. Coat.
19. Pet.
20. Male name.
22. Burning.
23. Often found in 26 down.
24. Biblical character.
26. Charwoman's accessory in her 31 across.
27. Volcano.
29. Immediately.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

. . . . . .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9-41

SPORTS CHATTER

What does "Miscellaneous" stand for? The dictionary definition is "Of mixed composition or character; of various kinds (of persons), many sided." The team by that calling at "32" is doing its best to change the meaning as applied to persons, from "many sided" to "one sided", for in addition to winning the Station Soccer League and Cup tournament they have won the Station Basketball League, which all goes to prove that they are a "one sided" combination and a real versatile team of sportsmen. Whilst offering them our congratulations and the prizes which are to follow, the Sports Officer would like to know if he should lay in a stock of trophies partially engraved "Miscellaneous, Winners of . . . ."

The final Basketball League table is appended and shows "Miscellaneous" as winners with 21 points as against the next best, "Repairs", with 15 points. The knockout tournament previously mooted is still under consideration. Difficulties, as to the composition of teams, have arisen which are holding up the project, but we hope to have this organised soon. Meantime the games which have been played recently have been jousts between the Station Select and Moose Jaw Clubs. We triumphed over the Y.M.C.A. Cubs and Moose Jaw Intermediates in decisive wins. Every picture tells a "Storey" and our story is that of the help our basketball teams have received from our American Allies and Canadian Cousins. We feel good enough to challenge all comers. Any offers?

Hockey is still going strong. We appear to be a "box office" attraction playing on the same rink as the "Millers". The Station teams have been fortunate to secure the use of the Arena Rink, by courtesy of Mr. Reg. West, President of the Junior Canucks. All of the games have been competitive or amusing, or both. We could take a special edition to cover them but there is no doubt we have improved greatly on last year's showings and also on our opening game form. The Commercial League is almost concluded and we are on the look-out for other games. The Airmen hold second place in the league with the Officers in the "cellar". We have challenges from Mossbank, Swift Current (Officers' Game) and the R.C.A.F., Yorkton, who desire to take on our Intermediate Station String. We hope to be able to arrange all these games. There are also indications that Caron are keen to have a tilt at us. We are ready. "Anytime, Anywhere" is our motto, so what about it you "Country Lads"?

There is a special report elsewhere in this issue of our hockey success gained over Moosomin Badgers. The series had all the glamour of a "Big Time" hockey competition. A late entry, panic concerning players, etc., confirmation of last minute signings by telegram and our ultimate victory in a hard struggle. This was all the sweeter as we really hadn't great hopes of ousting the Badgers whom we were assured was a crack team (and it is), particularly as we were an un-

For Throat Easy Mildness—Smoke

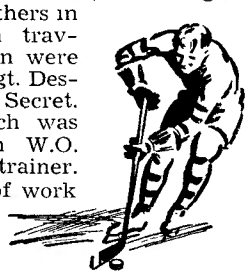
Buckingham Cigarettes

Sports Chatter

• *Continued*

known quantity. We must get down to it now for the next tussle.

We offer our congratulations to the team which fought so nobly, comprising, AC. Diamond, Sgts. Demers and Jordison, LAC. Bladon (capt.), AC. Preston, AC. Cook, LAC. Cohen, LAC. Sullivan, LAC. Rendell, AC. Sewell, AC. Gudgeon and AC. Reid. Others in the party which travelled to Moosomin were reserve players Sgt. Desjardins and LAC. Secret. Non-playing coach was LAC. Ford with W.O. McDermott as trainer. He did a power of work as Dr. U. B. Well, the magic massage man, which was very necessary, and generally cheered the lads with his banter. We think he is convinced now that there are no "Shaky Do's" amongst them. Our Sports Officer, who was in charge, acted as scorer and timekeeper and he took a devilish delight in ringing the bell, much to the annoyance of the S.W.O., who thought he would be put up for auction at any minute to the many Moosomin Mermaids who chased after him, and he was relieved when the final clang tolled, as we all were, to find ourselves the victors.



Our Moosomin Memories are happy ones. It is a quiet little town in rural surroundings. To our host, Mr. K. A. Price, who himself is a keen sportsman; his charming assistants and the Townsfolk of Moosomin, we render our sincere thanks for the splendid hospitality. We had a grand trip.

We danced at the 101st L.A.A. Battery, R.C.A., by courtesy of the Commanding Officer. This was arranged by Lieut. Wilson of Moose Jaw, who proved himself a capable referee. Some of us had free trips in Fudge's Snow Sedan and others—well, there are lots of "Things we want to know," but can we blame them? The Glamour Boys were in great demand. It's just as well we had a trainer, but what of the Sports Officer? It is rumoured that he is particularly interested in a cute little pet mole which he calls Mabel.

Two things which impressed us very much were (1) the telegram from Mr. Price confirming the terms, etc., which concluded "Dinner ready your arrival Friday noon" and (2) the notice prominently displayed at Moosomin's compact and comfortable little rink "Be courteous to our visiting team. Remember our boys play away from home also. No booing, please. Thank you". And that is the spirit with which we were received at Moosomin.

We will be back, Moosomin—after we have collected the cup. Do you think you will see us again? Cup or no cup, we will be back and we will do our utmost to bring the cup with us.

The school inspector was examining a class of small boys.

"Now, boys," he said, "Noah was an active man, and must have found it irksome to be confined so long during the Flood. How do you think he spent his time?"

"Fishing, sir," said one bright boy.

"Yes, I should think he did some fishing," agreed the inspector.

"He wouldn't catch many fish," interjected another lad.

"What makes you think that?" asked the inspector.

"He had only two worms, sir."

Station Basketball League

Teams	Games played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Baskets for	Baskets against	Points
Miscellaneous	11	10	1	0	235	77	21
Repairs	11	7	1	3	190	87	15
Airmen's Mess	11	7	1	3	106	123	15
S.H.Q.	11	7	0	4	189	83	14
Majors	11	6	1	4	122	126	12
Penpushers	11	6	0	5	215	169	12
Blotters	11	4	2	5	113	130	10
Linky Dinks	11	5	0	6	101	145	10
Minors	11	4	0	7	65	178	8
E. & F.	11	3	0	8	88	116	6
Stores	11	1	2	8	73	80	4
Accounts	11	2	0	9	86	245	4

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Supper Room.

Suppers were served in the Y.M.C.A. canteen for the first time on Thursday, February 5th, with splendid results. Some seventy airmen enjoyed the ham and bacon, to say nothing of the raisin and apple pie consumed in generous quantities. This welcome addition to canteen services marks the beginning of a splendid effort which will provide hot plate dinners to airmen. From time to time other additions will be made to the Canteen services which will further add to the comforts of those at 32 S.F.T.S.

Canteen Profits.

With all this activity around the Y.M.C.A. canteen a natural question would be: "What happens to the profits? Does the 'Y' get them? If not, who does?" The question is a natural one and should be answered.

The Young Men's Christian Association has an agreement with the R.A.F. whereby the former agrees to operate all canteens in R.A.F. stations while in Canada. Further, the Association has agreed to do the War Service work known as "Program." We might say that wherever the R.A.F. goes the "Y" is to be found with canteen and program services.

With large sums accruing from canteen operation some arrangement must be made to divide the profits. In camps and stations apart from the R.A.F. where canteens are operated, a percentage of the profits is handed back from Ottawa (from a pool there) to the local station. But where the Y.M.C.A. operates a canteen in any R.A.F. school the profits come back in their entirety to the Commanding Officer and are administered through the organization known as the "Service Institute."

Speaking of "Program" and its relation to the efforts of the Y.M.C.A. it might be said that the cost of such activities are taken from the funds of the organization and not from the profits of the canteen. The cost of movie equipment and rental of films is borne in its entirety by the organization and not by the canteen on the local station.

It means that a boost for the Y.M.C.A. canteen on the local station is a boost for the airmen there. The Young Men's Christian Association is anxious to serve the men of the King's forces while they are busy helping to win the war while resident in Canada.

ERIC WALLING,
Y.M.C.A. Supervisor.

Y.M.C.A. FILM SCHEDULE

Sunday, February 15—"**HIGH SIERRA,**" starring Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino.
Friday, February 20—"**LLOYD'S OF LONDON,**" starring George Sanders, Tyrone Power and Madeline Carroll.
Sunday, February 22—"**SANTA FE TRAIL,**" starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland.
Sunday, March 1—"**CITY FOR CONQUEST,**" starring Ann Sheridan and James Cagney.
Sunday, March 8—"**MILLION DOLLAR BABY,**" starring Priscilla Lane and Ronald Reagan.
Sunday, March 15—"**THE WAGON'S ROLL AT NIGHT,**" starring Humphrey Bogart and Sylvia Sidney.

NOTE—Tuesday and Friday schedules will be announced later in the usual manner.

ODE TO A FORAGE CAP

My heart is filled with sorrow,
For I'm thinking of tomorrow;
Half of us will start to weep,
The other half go off the deep.
Oh, what has brought this tale of woe?
'Tis something everyone should know.
The spot of bother with us all
Whether he be short or tall,
Is how the heck can we have poise
Or keep our names as Glamour Boys,
When Law and Order with a frown
Says "If weather cold flaps must go down."

—OZZIE.